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THE HERMIT—AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the plains of Anatolia, lived, in times of peace, the sage Hussendgiar, retired from the world, and free from all those cares which perplex the breasts of those, who, misled by avarice or ambition, make wealth or fame their idol. He applied his heart solely to wisdom, and meditated day and night upon the koran. The more he studied the book of glory, the more was his ardour for the knowledge of heavenly things increased:—and such was the happiness which he enjoyed in the retirement of repose, that the bliss of Paradise, which Mahomet has promised to the faithful, seemed to be prefigured in it: and the joys he was possessed of in this world, gave him a foretaste of the pleasures reserved for him in the next.

His tranquility, however, was at length interrupted: the plains of Anatolia were laid waste by all the calamities of war, and Hussendgiar himself beheld, from a ruined tower, the hostile encounter of two armies. He was an eye-witness to the carnage that filled his soul with horror, and could not forbear exclaiming—"Heavens! wherefore were men created to destroy each other? How can a righteous God suffer human nature to deface itself?"

The mind of Hussendgiar was from that day filled with scruples and inquietudes. He lost his former serenity by pondering upon the ways of Providence: the maze appeared to him inextricable, and quite confounded his understanding.—Being constantly wrapped up in these contemplations, he one day fell into a profound sleep;—whereupon the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and addressed him in the following manner:

"Thou hast doubted of the divine wisdom and goodness, on account of some appearance of evil, which thy limited understanding could not explain. Men were not born to dwell for ever upon earth; therefore, it is wisely ordained by the Almighty, that all human bliss should be imperfect.—I will now shew you the place where, alone, unmixed happiness can be expected."

So saying, the angel gave Hussendgiar a view of the glories of Paradise, and such an impression did the vision make upon his mind, that it was ever after raised above all human pleasures or pains; and he retained a full conviction, that evil is necessary in a transitory state, in or-

der to wean man from it, and that mortals should expect no true felicity, till the angel of death has put a period to their days. He soon resumed his former tranquillity and composure of mind, and lived happier in his cell, than monarchs in their palaces.

The calms of life are never lasting: Hussendgiar's peace was once more to be disturbed. The prince Muezin, being fatigued in pursuit of the foe, happened to take shelter at the cottage of Hussendgiar, with whose conversation he was so delighted, that he resolved to keep him always about his person, and to confer on him distinguished honour. This profferment Hussendgiar would willingly have declined: a court had no charms for him. However, he could not resist the importunities of the prince;—and the war being over, he accompanied him to his court.—He had not been long there, when envy filled the breasts of the courtiers, who could not bear to see an obscure hermit in equal credit with themselves. The vizir Abdelaziz, above all, sought his ruin, and every day laid new snares for him; but such was his integrity, that he always found it easy to justify his conduct. The prince being fully satisfied of the malice of Abdelaziz, would have punished him; whereupon Hussendgiar gave a new proof of his worth, by interceding for him, and procuring his pardon. This last trial over, Hussendgiar lived unmolested till the death of the prince; the love of retirement then took possession of his heart, and he returned to his former cottage, in order to wait the summons of the angel of death; having, from living in a court, received new conviction, that happiness is not to be expected on this side of the grave.

ALLEGORIES.

THE understanding is like the sun, which gives light and life to the whole intellectual world; but the memory, regarding those things only that are past, is like the moon which is new and full, and has her wane by turns.

ON the tower of ambition hangs the dial of industry, where the sun of good fortune marks the time and progress of friendship on the figure of ambition.

WIT is like a lily. The one is as pleasing to the ear as the other is to the eye. Wit naturally fades, and if not timely gathered soon withers and dies.

LEONORA DE VALESICO.

A SPANISH HISTORY—Continued from page 51.

NEITHER Kerme nor the Marquis de Padille being in a condition to know any thing, the Chevalier had the opportunity of visiting them often, without being obliged to restrain before them any of those emotions of which his soul was full; he placed Ovesby in the room with the Marquis, giving that faithful friend a strict charge not to leave him a moment; and because he would hereafter have no reproaches from his generosity, he took the same care of Kerme, and commanded the attendance of those necessary to preserve his life, as if he had been a person equally dear with the Marquis de Padille.

In the mean time, Ivon got ready a shallop, and went to visit the other English vessels, which he found in a very bad condition; then representing the unhappy state they were in, to those officers who were left alive, and the danger of being attacked by the Spaniards, while they were without a chief, he advised them to confer that honour, during the inability of Kerme, on the Chevalier Lumley, whose courage and conduct had been so well testified among them. This discourse, pronounced by a man who had given many proofs of his wisdom and experience, joined to the love and esteem, which the Chevalier had acquired, was unanimously approved of, and that young hero was immediately proclaimed Commander in Chief. Ivon having arranged every matter, went presently and acquainted him with the news; the first use he made of his new power, was to take all the riches he had found in the Hercules, from the other vessels, and put them into that in which he was himself; to recruit that with ammunition, and some of the best men which were remaining from the late dreadful slaughter; and to send those, whose hurts rendered them incapable of doing any present service, to Jamaica; and setting these vessels on fire, which had been too much damaged to be refitted: after which he set sail for the coast of Spain; Ivon, who was an old warrior, and skilled in stratagems, having advised him to pretend that he was going to make a small descent on some of the villages by the sea side. But these orders occasioning some murmurs among the soldiers, as though suspicious of a design; he obliged him in reality to do as he had said, and several poor families suffered by this stratagem, which nevertheless necessity compelled the Chevalier, tho' unwillingly, to put into execution. They sailed on towards Buenos-Ayres, under the pretence of pillaging that place a second time. The Marquis de Padille having by this time recovered the use of his senses, and in the opinion of the Surgeons past all danger, desired to speak with the commander. The Chevalier, not able to assure himself that he should retain that behaviour which became the sex he appeared to be of, and the dignity he now bore, desired Ivon to go to him. The tenderness of this charming maid now more than ever disclosed itself, she entreated him to make use of his utmost penetration, to dive into the secrets of his heart; to find out, if it was possible, that

there was any thing for her to hope; to try him every way, and give her a faithful account of all he said, and in what manner he received his interrogatories.

Ivon having promised all that was requested of him, went to the cabin of Don Fernando, whom he found in a much better condition than could be expected: I come, said he, in the name of our commander, to pay you those regards which are owing to your quality and merit; and to assure you, that nothing but the fears that his presence would not have been pleasing to you, has prevented him from bringing you those testimonies of his esteem, which he has now ordered me to give you. In speaking these words, he put into his hands a little cabinet of jewels, which he had found in his ship. I thank your captain answered the Marquis, these were indeed some trifles that belonged to me; but as I can very well dispense with the absence of a person to whom I owe my defeat, so I also believe it has not yet been in his power to make me that compliment in person: for if I may give any credit to my senses, I left him in a condition little better than that he inflicted on me. I hope he was, (added he, with a sigh) and I am certain I did my utmost endeavours to make him so; it being neither the desire of glory, nor the thirst of avarice, which armed my hand against him: But hate alone, deadly implacable hate. By this suggestion, replied Ivon, it should be Kerme of whom you speak; and if so, I dare assure you, you have enough wherewith to be content: his wounds being not only more numerous, but more dangerous also than yours: But to rectify the mistake you are at present under, I must inform you, that it is the Chevalier Lumley who commands here, and to whom you are a prisoner. What! (cries Don Fernando, with a voice as loud and vehement as his weakness would permit) the Chevalier Lumley, is he your principal?—and is he neither killed nor hurt? Heavens! Heavens! (continued he, ready to tear the bandage off his wounds in the extremity of anguish) this is the utmost malice of my fate. We should be very unhappy, said Ivon, were that brave man in the state you seem to wish; but my Lord, you are yet ignorant of his worth, and the generous care he has taken of you; nor do I doubt but you will yet own, that no man in the world deserves so much the esteem of the valiant Marquis, as does the Chevalier Lumley. Don Fernando could not contain himself at this discourse, but raved in such a manner as to excite the astonishment of the Colonel; growing however, more moderate, he desired him to acquaint him in what position things were: which the other gave a faithful account of, still mingling with his relation something in praise of the Chevalier Lumley; which, putting the Marquis beyond all patience, I know enough, interrupted he, 'tis sufficient that I am a prisoner, and that the Chevalier Lumley is my conqueror. Ivon perceiving him in an agitation, which he feared might be prejudicial to him, drew nearer, and speaking in a low voice, that he might not be heard by any other person in the room; the friendship, said he, which the Chevalier has for you will serve you for a ransom; nor will he think your liberty too great a price to purchase your esteem: But

continued he, I will send a gentleman to you, to whom you may impart your mind freely, and who will inform you of every thing you desire to know. In finishing these words, he presented Ovesby to him; whom Don Fernando looked on with surprize, imagining he had seen that face, but in what place he could not call to mind. Ivon retired, after having instructed Ovesby in what manner he should behave; and returned to Lumley, to give him an account of what had passed. He found that Heroine with Kerme, who had not yet recovered the use of his speech.

It is impossible to express the surprize Leonora was in at this recital of Ivon's, she could not comprehend for what reason the Marquis de Padille should have conceived so violent a hatred against the Chevalier Lumley, and formed in her mind ten thousand cruel ideas on this aversion; but the advice of Ivon brought her some consolation, and she was prevailed upon by him not to give way to the dictates of her despair, till she had first seen or spoken to the Marquis de Padille.

Don Fernando, in the mean time, having taken great notice of what Ivon had said to him, called Ovesby, and having made him sit down on the bed-side: can you, said he, without betraying the trust reposed in you, inform me of some particulars relating to the Chevalier Lumley, in which I am particularly interested? — I very much wish to know if he be married? or if he has a mistress in England? and if he was not in the first enterprize the English made on Buenos-Ayres.

I can, my Lord, answered Ovesby, without violating the confidence my master has honoured me with, satisfy your curiosity in all these points. In the first place, I assure you he bore no arms at the time of that expedition you mention; nor is he married; nor, (tho' never man was more formed to charm, or had a greater share of tenderness in his own heart) I know of no engagement he has in England, and further dare venture to assure you, with no woman in the world. Yet I have heard it reported, (resumed the Marquis with an undescribable agitation) that he was passionately in love with a Spanish lady, who fell into his hands in that unhappy war, or was since put into his power by Kerme. — But (continued he, with a deep sigh) you are with him, are favoured with his confidence, and fear to discover a thing, which I believe for many reasons, he desires should be a secret. To testify to you that there are no reasons to disguise the truth from you, replied Ovesby, I will tell you sincerely, that Leonora, a lady of incomparable beauty has been in his power above two years, yet is he not enamoured of her; he is sensible of the engagements between you, and wishes nothing more than an opportunity to restore her to you. Notwithstanding, he was told by an officer, called Montrosse, that soon after she was taken prisoner, you were about being married to a young lady of Jamaica. What do I hear, cried the Marquis de Padille, am I married! am I false to the adorable Leonora? — But go on, generous Ovesby, go on, and perfect the happiness you have begun — tell me again that Leonora is living — that she is faithful, and that the Chevalier Lumley is not charmed with her — O if it be so, happy combat! — favour-

able defeat! — blessed captivity! a thousand times more glorious than the most compleat victory! the violence of the passion with which he looked and uttered these words, was near drawing tears into the eyes of Ovesby. My Lord, said he, I am so sensible of what you feel at this juncture, that I will not one moment delay acquainting my master with the state of your heart; but it shall be on condition that you calm the agitation you are at present in, and if you love Leonora, do nothing which may be prejudicial to that life, which you ought to preserve for her. The Chevalier can inform you much better than I, in every thing which concerns you in this particular; but thus much I dare venture to assure you, that Leonora is faithful and on the certainty that you are so, will in a short time consent to be yours.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as your necessities require; be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

AN E C D O T E.

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated English school-master, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod; when the witty school-master told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown.

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER VII.

ON ŒCONOMY—DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS, MUSIC, &c.—PUBLIC DIVERSIONS, CARDS, AND DRESS—COMPLACENCY, PATIENCE—SECRETS; SERVANTS, &c.

WITH great pleasure I see my dear friends practising the most exact Œconomy, as the effect of prudence, and without seeming so otherwise than by its good effects.—The most trivial cares of your families will appear not only useful, but will be attended with sentiments of delight when you reflect you are managing to the greatest advantage the fortune of the man you love; and that by an hundred little *affiduities* you are rendering his home easy and agreeable. Your prudence, with regard to the management of your family, must wear the appearance of care and anxious tenderness for your husband: every domestic duty must be employed for his welfare; every possible attention shewed to render the most minute circumstance pleasing. Make it even your pride to descend to the most common offices of life to oblige him. Let the *graces* of the *mistress* charm in the tender *cares* of the *wife*.

Lady Wortley Montague says prettily on this subject;—"A well regulated marriage is not like those of ambition or interest; it is two lovers who live together. A passion thus happy and contented, softens every movement of the soul, and gilds every object that we look on. To furnish a room is no longer furnishing a room, it is ornamenting the place where you expect your lover: to order a dinner is no longer simply giving orders to a cook, it is amusing yourself with regaling him you love. These necessary occupations, regarded in this light, are infinitely more lively and sensible than cards and public places, which make the happiness of the multitude, incapable of pleasure."—The above elegant authoress above all things recommends the wife to *obey agreeably*; a science very difficult, and of consequence of great merit, to a man capable of feeling.

It is impossible a woman can too much study the *taste* of her husband; and she must likewise endeavour to excel in those amusements which he most approves. Set yourselves to consider this great point. Be it books, music, &c. remember there is no little accomplishment, however trifling, but becomes important when it conduces to the amusement of your husband. Never did our charming friend Mrs. P—appear in so amiable a light, as when, having entertained her company with one of the finest Italian songs ever composed, she declared she had taken no small pains in the acquisition of it, "because" (said she with a smile) "it is my husband's favourite." He gave her a most affectionate look of inexpressible tenderness. Of all the movements of a generous soul, those secret emanations of kindness are the greatest and most affecting, which the obliger does not put on the score of gratitude. Married persons do not in general consider enough these little attentions. As the most exquisite performance in

music (to draw a simile from my favourite science) derives its greatest beauty from those inexpressibly delicate touches of harmony, and secret combinations of taste joined with execution, which are only to be *felt*, but not described; so does this obliging elegance of behaviour polish every other quality, and diffuse an ineffable grace over every look and action; it is, in short, the perfection of *taste* in life and manners; it is virtue, and every excellence in its most graceful form. It is of the utmost consequence to have your amusements at home, and within yourselves.

It is imagined (I know not why) that when a woman is married, she is to banish every agreeable accomplishment, and that nothing but the most sad and melancholy duties are to take place. I have always observed (nay it is proverbial) that, for instance *music* and *singing*, after marriage, are soon neglected and laid aside; even where the lady has particularly excelled in those charming accomplishments. But I would ask, Is this politic? Can we be astonished, that when a man sees nothing but a kind of melancholy solemnity reign in his *home*, that he should seek diversions abroad? or that the *generality* of men should not be inclined to embrace a state which they think so disagreeable? How often do we hear a young married woman, when asked to sing or play, exclaim, "Sing! no—my singing days are now over: I am now *married* :—a wife has something else to do than to mind such trifles!" By the way, this is no great compliment to the husband: in fact, he sees that the everlasting *excuse* of the *management* of family affairs is merely a pretence for no longer endeavouring to render herself amiable. No doubt but the Œconomy and most exact management of the family, with every domestic duty, as Milton expresses it, is "woman's *best praise*." Yet I am inclined to believe every wife will in a *short time* after marriage, find it *very* incumbent to render herself agreeable to her *husband*, as well as useful to the family. Can one imagine that an amiable young woman, possessed of fine talents in the above accomplishments of singing and playing, if she continued after marriage to cultivate them for the amusement of her husband (supposing he had any taste for such amusements) would not greatly add to the happiness of his life, and prevent him, after his mind is fatigued with studies, or with the business of his profession, from going *abroad* to seek recreation? Sorry am I to say, I have known some married ladies so blameable in this particular, that when a husband has desired his wife to entertain him with his favourite concerto on the harpsicord, she has gravely, if not peevishly, replied, "Good God! how can you ask me, when I am so *busy*? I am going to give orders to the cook—in short, I have a *hundred* things of consequence to do." Such an answer, to an indulgent husband, sinks deeper into his mind (trifling as his request was) than may be imagined: "ten to one, (as Shakespeare says) but he may justly think no *business* should be half so incumbent to a good wife as to please her husband." I once heard a lady, who was in the midst of a charming song, abruptly stop—I asked her the reason—"only my husband." He enters—and smiling asked "was you not singing?—pray go on"—"No, indeed

"I have got a vile cold, and am hoarse—in short, my singing days are over"—In vain does he importune for his *old favourite* song; but he is cut short with—"Don't tease me—how should an old married woman sing? besides you see I am just going to make *tea*." Can one wonder a man should be soon weary of home after such un-amiable behaviour? or rather should one not more wonder, if the husband of such a wife should not seek his amusements abroad? How different is the behaviour of the amiable Mrs. X—— in this particular, a young married woman in the country, from whom I lately saw a letter, which ran thus; "You must not be displeased that I have not yet answered your last letter: in good truth, I find full employment: my evenings are devoted to the harpsicord; as the best of men (my dear husband) is pleased to hear me with attention, his approbation is sufficient to excite in me a desire to excel. He has just been making some verses on—what would you think?—his wife—which I have been eagerly employed in setting to music. My mornings too are engaged; as my husband has lately become a florist: Can you then wonder that I am growing fond of cultivating flowers? I spend hours in the garden in their management, in order to surprise him with the first auricula or carnation. You know our house stands in a situation perfectly romantic; the above amiable man has been taking different views of it, in which I have assisted, as he has taught, or rather perfected me in the art of drawing: he has furnished his study with my performances of this kind. You see I can have but few spare moments; not to mention the cares of domestic economy and family affairs; but these are only *secondary* considerations, when the above beloved man is the first subject of my amusement."

*** The uncommon length of this letter obliges us to continue it to our next.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

IT has been often related, and generally believed, that Philip V. King of Spain, being seized with a total dejection of spirits, which made him refuse to be shaved, and rendered him incapable of attending council or transacting affairs of state, the Queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient that was likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of Music upon the King her husband, who was extremely sensible to its charms. Upon the arrival of Farinelli, of whose extraordinary performance an account had been transmitted to Madrid from several parts of Europe, but particularly from Paris, her Majesty contrived that there should be a concert in a room adjoining the King's apartment, in which this singer performed one of his most captivating songs. Philip appeared at first surprised, then moved; and at the end of the second air, made the virtuoso enter the royal apartment, loading him with compliments and caresses; asked him how he

could sufficiently reward such talents; assuring him that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli, previously instructed, only begged that his Majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavour to appear in council as usual.

From this time the King's disease gave way to medicine; and the singer had all the honour of the cure. By singing to his Majesty every evening, his favour increased to such a degree that he was regarded as first minister; but what is still more extraordinary, instead of being intoxicated or giddy with his elevation, Farinelli, never forgetting that he was a musician, behaved to the Spanish nobles about the court with such humility and propriety, that instead of envying his favour, they honoured him with their esteem and confidence.

One day in going to the King's closet, to which he had at all times access, he heard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another that was in waiting, "honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier, like myself, after thirty years service, is unnoticed." Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, complained to the King that he had neglected an old servant, and procured a regiment for the person who spoke so harshly of him in the anti-chamber; and in quitting his Majesty he gave the commission to the officer, telling him that he had heard him complain of having served thirty years, but added, "you did wrong to accuse the King of neglecting to reward your zeal."

The following story, which is less serious, was frequently told and believed at Madrid, during the first year of Farinelli's residence in Spain. This singer having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a *gala* at court, when the taylor brought it home, he asked him for his bill. "I have made no bill, Sir," says the taylor, "nor ever shall make one. Instead of money," continues he, "I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have had the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require will be a song." Farinelli tried in vain to prevail on the taylor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the trembling tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music-room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer; and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the taylor, overcome with extasy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire—"No," says Farinelli, "I am a little proud; and it is perhaps from that circumstance that I have acquired some small degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to your weakness, it is but fair, that, in your turn, you should indulge me in mine." And taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 55.)

THE terrifying adventures of this night brought on the Prince a severe fever, which confined him a week. During this time our Hotel was crowded with Venetians and strangers, who visited the Prince from a deference to his newly-discovered rank. They vied with each other in offers of their services, and it was not a little entertaining for us to observe, that the last visitor seldom failed to hint some suspicious derogatory to the character of the preceding one.

Billets doux and *arcana* poured upon us from all quarters. Every one endeavoured to recommend himself in his own way. Our adventure with the Inquisition was no more mentioned. The Court of — wishing the Prince to delay his departure from Venice for some time, orders were sent to several Bankers to pay him considerable sums of money. He was thus, against his will, enabled to protract his residence in Italy; and, at his request, I also resolved to remain some time longer.

As soon as the Prince had recovered strength enough to quit his chamber, he was advised by his Physician to take an airing in a gondola upon the Brenta, to which, as the weather was serene, he readily consented.

On going into the boat he missed the key of a little chest in which very valuable papers were inclosed. We returned back to search for it immediately. He very distinctly remembered that he had locked the chest the day before, and he had never left the room in the interval. As our endeavours to find it proved ineffectual, we were obliged to relinquish the search in order to avoid delay. The Prince, whose soul was elevated above suspicion, declared the key to be lost, and desired that it might not be mentioned any more.

Our little voyage was exceedingly agreeable. A picturesque country, which at every winding of the river seemed to increase in richness and beauty; the serenity of the sky, which formed a May-day in the middle of February; the delightful gardens and elegant country-seats which adorned the banks of the Brenta; the majestic city of Venice behind us, with its lofty spires, and a grove of masts, rising as it were out of the waves; all this afforded us the most splendid spectacle in the world. Wholly abandoned to the enchantment of nature's luxuriant scenery, our minds shared the hilarity of the day. The Prince himself lost his wonted gravity, and vied with us in our sports and diversions. On our landing, about two Italian miles from the city, we heard the sound of sprightly music; it came from a small village, at a little distance from the Brenta, where there was at that time a fair. As we advanced, we saw it crowded with company of every description. A troop of young girls and boys, dressed in theatrical habits, welcomed us in a pantomimical dance. The figure was entirely new. Animation and grace attended their motions. Before the dance was concluded, the principal actresses, who

represented a Queen, stopped suddenly as if arrested by an invisible arm. Herself and those around her were motionless. The music ceased. The assembly was silent. Not a breath was to be heard. The Queen stood with her eyes fixed on the ground in a deep stupefaction. On a sudden she started from her reverie, with the fury of one inspired, and looking wildly around her: "A King is among us!" she exclaimed, taking her crown from her head, and laying it at the feet of the Prince! Every one present cast their eyes upon him, and doubted for a moment whether there was any meaning in this farce; so much were they deceived by the impressive seriousness of the actress. Silence was at last broken by a general clapping of the hands, as a mark of approbation. I looked at the Prince. He was not a little disconcerted, and endeavoured to escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators. He threw money to the players, and hastened out of the company.

We had advanced but a few steps, when a venerable Monk pressing through the crowd, stopped the Prince in his way. "My lord!" said he, "give the holy Virgin part of your gold. You will want her prayers." He uttered these words in a tone of voice which struck us extremely, and disappeared in the throng.

In the mean time our company had increased. An English Lord, whom the Prince had seen before at Nice; some merchants of Leghorn; a German Prebendary; a French *Abbé* with some Ladies; and a Russian officer had joined us. The physiognomy of the latter had something so uncommon as to attract our particular attention. — Never in my life did I see such various features, and so little expression; so much attractive benevolence, and so much repelling coldness in the same face. Each passion seemed, by turns, to have exercised its ravages on it, and to have left it successively. Nothing remained but the calm piercing look of a person deeply skilled in the science of man; but it was such a look as abashed every one on whom it was directed. This extraordinary man followed us at a distance, apparently taking but an indifferent part in all that had happened.

We came to a Mountebank's stage. The ladies tried their fortune. We followed their example. The Prince himself purchased a ticket. He won a snuff-box. I saw him turn pale when opening it.—It contained his lost key!

"How is this?" said he to me, as we were for a moment alone. "A superior power attends me. Omnipotence surrounds me. An invisible Being, that I cannot escape, watches over my steps. I must seek for the Arminian, and get information from him."

(To be continued.)

A N E C D O T E.

Two soldiers went to see Marshal Saxe's tomb: after standing some time in all the silence of awe and grief, each drew his sabre, and passed it over the stone which covers that great man's remains; then went away without speaking a word. Let any one try to express more energetically the confidence and regard of those two men towards him.

Singular Attachment of LEONARD CONDERT, a Native of France, for WIDOWS.

L EONARD Condert, a native of the province of Limosin, in France, was remarkably attached to the fair sex, his sincerity always led him to comfort the forlorn and distressed, by shewing a peculiar penchant for widows, to one of which class he was contracted at the age of eighteen, but the interference of his friends put a stop to at least, the legal consummation.

At the age of twenty-three, on the 19th of January, 1745, he was first married to Leonarda Dumont, widow, who died the 3d of February, 1750.

To his second wife, he took on the third of April following, Mary Boyle, widow, who died on the 2d of February, 1763.

The third wife, whom he married on the 4th of June was Jane Noailles, widow, who died the 12th of May, 1768.

His attachment to the fair in general, and to widows in particular, suffered no diminution, for on the 6th of February, 1769, he married, for the fourth time, with Catherine Vallade, widow, who in her turn left him a solitary mourner, the 23d of October, 1771.

He sought for his usual relief, and on the first of July, 1773, he married his fifth wife Ann Bargette, widow, whom heaven was pleased to take to its mercies on the 7th of January, 1777.

He continued to mourn for her loss full four months, when solitude becoming a burthen, he threw of his sable habit, and boldly attacked the lusty widow of Francis Belarbre, who became his sixth wife on the 27th of May, 1777, who blessed him with her endearments no longer than till the 26th of December, 1779.

Habit was now become nature, and though in the 58th year of his age, he was married for the seventh time on the 3d of July, 1781, to Frances Lapeyre, widow; whom he buried in January 1784; and immediately attacked the widow of Jean Jacques Zauze, whom he soon after espoused. Here our information respecting this curious man terminates.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. BULL,

Please to insert in your useful Magazine, the following Enigmatical list of amiable young ladies, under sixteen, residing in this city, and you will oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

1st. **F**OUR sixths of a white excellent root, and the latter two thirds of the oblique case of the.

2. A small sea fish.

3. A magnificent edifice, and 20 hundred weight.

4. Two fourths of a water fowl, a consonant, the latter two thirds of the organ of vision, and a vowel.

5. What stands for fifty, and a receptacle for strangers.

6. Three fifths of a tract of earth, a consonant and 20 hundred weight.

7. Three eighths of a fish, and three sixths of a small village.

8. Two thirds of a colour, and the supporters of the sails.

9. Three fifths of a small river fish, two sevenths of a pastoral poem, and three fourths of an Irish foot soldier.

NEW-YORK, August 12, 1795.

TYRO.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. BULL,

By giving this a place in your useful Magazine, you will oblige a friend to Literature.

ARITHMETICAL GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

IT is required to find the content of a parallelogram whose sides are in triplicate proportion, and that treple the longest side added to the shortest side, shall be equal to the content.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

At South-Hemstead, [L. I.] the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. RICHARD TATERSON, to Miss BETSEY ROGERS, of Cow-Neck.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "DISAPPOINTED LOVER" and the "SIMILE" are received, and shall have a place in our next. The Editor learns from an intimate friend of Shandy, that it was he himself who sent the Madrigal; he had it among a collection of his own pieces and probably forgot its having been before published; he is at present in the country. Correspondents are requested to be particular in remarking when they send a piece not of their own composition, or which has ever before appeared in print.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 11th to the 18th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		8.	1.	6.
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100				
AUG. 11	75	79	76	NE. SE. S.	cloudy	light	wind.
12	74	80	75	NW. do SE	rain	do.	do.
13	69	75	50 75	N. do. do.	rain	do.	do.
14	69	71	75 72 50	NE. SW. do	cloudy	do.	do.
15	71	73	50 73	NE. SW. do	clear	do.	do.
16	69	78	77	SW. do. W.	do.	do.	do.
17	75	85	50 76	NW. do SW	do.	do.	do.
18	79	50		SW.	do.	do.	

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO A FRIEND.

FRIEND of my soul by whom I live,
Whose soothing eas'd affliction's smart,
Take in return all I can give
This wish warm glowing from the heart,

Be rosy health your constant guest,
May life appear while here you stay,
And wanton on Hygeian's breast,
A bright and cheery summer's day.

Be there no clouds to intervene
Between the sun of joy and you,
Save those that floating mend the scene,
And ease the gazers aching view.

Your eve not like the flowers decay,
The flowers that drooping hang the head;
Then leaf by leaf pines life away,
Insipid, useless 'ere 'tis dead.

But as the bubble on the waves
Floats buoyant brilliant to the last;
So ev'ry comfort nature gives,
Health, joy be yours, till life is past.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"All was vanity and vexation of spirit."

ECCLES. 2d Chap.

I WHO in Salem wore th' Imperial Crown,
And call'd her golden palaces mine own;
Who wav'd the sceptre o'er a land of peace,
And trod each path of mortal happiness;
Whose mind with philosophic lore was stor'd,
Who labyrinthine mysteries explor'd;
And chas'd *vari'ty* thro' her wide domain—
I do pronounce all human courses vain.

Ah wherefore should the restless soul of man
Struggle the heights of knowledge to attain?
Why should long studies rob his nights of rest,
And vain researches deep his days molest?
When the swollen heart with many a weary groan
Hath gain'd the palm, by science giv'n alone:
Then sorrows from his fount of knowledge flow,
And all his sad reward is only woe.

I watch'd the cell of ev'ry hoary sage,
And por'd attentive on the abstruse page;
Or gaz'd the *Orbs*, from dewy HERMON high,
And mark'd their nightly courses thro' the sky;
Or towering LEBANON with wonder ey'd,
The whitening streamlets tumbling down her side—
The purple clusters from the vines that hung—
The feathery tribe that sung the boughs among—
And all the plants that budded on her brow
From the tall cedar to the *hyssop* low:
All these I mus'd upon in reasonings close,
And sought to know the springs from whence they rose;
The arduous task when done, left this decree—
" 'Tis but vexation all and vanity."

Straight I forsook the contemplative cells
"Surely (said I) with *mirth* enjoyment dwells"—
Thro' the deep wild I chas'd the flying hart
With golden jav'lin or sure flighted dart—
Or thro' the race bade my gilt chariots speed
Where men contend with men, and flee with speed—
Or seated with my princes at the feast
I gave a loose to revelry and jest;
Delicious viands crown'd the ample board,
And spices rich abroad their odours pour'd;
High foam'd the wine—the cups of pearl went round,
The maidens danc'd to the glad cymbals sound;
Loud peals of laughter shook the spacious court,
And all the palace mingled in our sport:
Yet even amid this glee my heart was sad,
I sigh'd, and said of laughter—"it is mad?"—
Then with desire of fame my bosom burn'd,
And all my ardent thoughts on splendour turn'd;
Stupendous structures rose at my command
And slaves I bought from ev'ry foreign land;
I stretch'd vast gardens in luxuriant vales
That scatter'd fragrance on the wandering gales;
And in each glade I form'd a crystal pool
To bathe my shrubs, and lave the grotto cool—
Harpers I had—and such as caroll'd airs
More sweet than those the lonely shepherd hears;
What time the spirits of the ev'ning breeze
Wave their light pennons 'mongst the dewy trees,
With gentle warblings waking from his dream
The slumbering genius of each chiming stream—

THESE, with *Arabia's* spices and perfumes,
And garbs purpureal, wrought in *Tyrian* looms,
And *Afric's* flaming gems, and *Ophyr's* ore
Were mine—and still my bosom throbb'd for more;
Then in perplexity's deep maze I stood—
I long'd to know *what* was that real good,
Which when possess'd should shield our fleeting life
From all the bitterness of mental strife:
Futile research—Alas for thee Oh man!
What though thy days are shorter than a span!
Yet through the circuit of so frail a date
Thou art condemn'd to labour hard, by fate;
And after all thy strength is worn and gone
'Tis but a mournful work which thou hast done.

Then cease the travel—'tis an useless range,
All creatures, like ourselves, are prone to change;
Nothing within earth's precincts shall we find
To satisfy our vast immortal mind;
Then be it ours, with friendly care to save
The few short steps yet resting from the grave—
To heal with *hope's* soft balm (and *patience* aid)
Our bosom's wounds, by *disappointment* made—
To weep o'er the sad days in *folly* past,
And look for joys on HIGH, that shall FOREVER last.

ANNA.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

E N I G M A.

IN the pure groves of Paradise I liv'd,
E're by foul sin, of happiness bereav'd;
Man mourn'd his hapless lot; my potent pow'r
Then first I try'd to cheer his gloomy hours;
From the Great Father of the human race,
My ancient noble lineage I trace,
With man I fell, and like him constant be
Sometimes a slave to passion, sometimes free;
Extensive sway I hold o'er all creation,
And mankind oft persuade to seek salvation;
With lively comfort cheer the drooping heart,
And guide the passions with persuasive art;
From dang'rous paths the youthful step I draw,
And lead to happiness by reason's law:
Sometimes more boist'rous than the howling storm,
As oft assume a mild alluring form,
Sweet as the waftures of a vernal wind,
And force conviction to the stubborn mind;
The careful weapon of fanatic zeal,
The firm supporter of my country's weal:
A daring rebel, 'gainst the laws of God,
A saint at home, an infidel abroad;
Oft in the garb of innocence am dress'd,
More oft vice clothes me with her raven vest;
I force mankind to disbelieve their eyes,
And foolish think themselves both great and wise;
Long I exist'd e'er the world's creation,
And am of ev'ry tongue and ev'ry nation:
A curious, still a simple thing am I,
The bane of earth the glory of the sky;
The veil of secrecy I rend in twain,
Forfake the truth for lustful hopes of gain;
The great and small, the good and bad controul
And sweet compassion wake in all the soul;
Persuade weak mortals that what's wrong is right,
And things mysterious lay before the light;
Oft I've endeavour'd in a virtuous cause
To fix the rule of good and wholesome laws;
The stern tried patriot and the steady friend,
I've forc'd the tyrant from his throne to bend,
Bade him learn virtue by affliction's frown,
And think his people's happiness his own;
As oft committed many a foul transgression,
And while you read this, I'm in your possession.

NEW-YORK, July 24, 1795.